

Lord Anthony

Belle and Sebastian

Anthony, bullied at school
Get your own back, now you are cool
Or are you scared, bunking off though you're a toff
It's all gone wrong again, you've got double maths But the teacher's got no control
The boys all run riot
You all stay quiet
Or you will die Tony, at the back of the gym
Smoke another one, your chances are slim
'Cause here they come again and they got you on the ground
Tasting blood again, at least it's your own When will you realize it doesn't pay
To be smarter than teachers, smarter than most boys
So shut your mouth, start kicking the football
Bang on the teeth, you are off for a week, boy You may as well take it in the guts, it can't get worse
Just take it in the guts, it can't get worse than this 'Cause you'll soon be old enough to leave them
Without a notion of a care
You'll leave two fingers in the air
To linger there Tony, you're a bit of a mess
Melted Tolberone under your dress
If the kids could see you they would pass you right by
Blue mascara running over your eye When will you realize it doesn't pay
To be smarter than teachers, smarter than most boys
Shut your mouth, start kicking the football
Bang on the teeth, you are off for a week, boy Anthony, it could be worse
Anthony, it could be worse They call you Lord Anthony but, hey, it could be worse
So Lord Anthony but, hey, it could be worse
Lord Anthony but, hey, it kind of suits you anyway You'll soon be old enough to leave them
Without a notion of a care
You'll leave two fingers in the air
To linger there

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